Go thou to Richard, and good Angels garde thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue, where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of Buckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth the throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioice in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for for euer may they last.

King Ri. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Young Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gratious soueraigne.

King. Why buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowmed liege.

King. Ha: am I king? tis so, but Edward liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should liue true noble prince.
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly be breefe.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.

King. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindnesse freeseth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuelie speake herein:
I will resolue your grace immediatlie.

Cates. The King is angrie, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles
And vnrespectiue boies, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eies:

Boy,

Boy, high reaching Buckingham gro
Boy. My Lord.
King. Knowest thou not any who
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of
Boy. My lord, I know a disconten
Whose humble meanes match not h
Golde were as good as twentie Orat
And will no doubt tempt him to any
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell
King. Go call him hither presently
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckin
No more shall be the neighbour to
Hath he so long held out with me v
And stops he now for breath?
How now, What newes with you?
Darby. My Lord, I heare the M
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts b
abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My
King. Rumor it abroad.
That Anne my wife is sicke and like
I will take order for her keeping clo
Enquire me out some meane borne
Whom I will marrie straight to Cla
The boy is foolish, and I feare not h
Looke how thou dreamst: I say ag
That Anne my wife is sicke and lik
About it, for it stands me much vp
To stop all hopes whose growth ma
I must be married to my brothers d
Or else my Kingdome stands on br
Murther her brothers, and then ma
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am
So farre in bloud, that sin plucke o
Teare falling pittie dwels not in thi
Is thy name Tirrell.
Tir. I mes Tirrell and your mo